

# THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusement, &c.

VOLUME XXII. WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, MARCH 15, 1865. NUMBER 2.

## THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance;  
and two dollars and fifty cents if not paid in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

## JOB PRINTING

Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:  
One square, three weeks \$2.50  
One square, three months \$4.00  
One square, six months \$6.00  
One square, nine months \$8.00  
One square, twelve months \$10.00  
Column, one year \$25.00  
do do \$50.00  
do do \$80.00

Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as one square.

All legal advertisements will be charged by the line.

Notices of the appointment of Administrators and Executors, also, Attachment Notices, must be paid in advance.

Twenty-five per cent. additional will be charged on the price of job work if not paid in advance, and on advertising if not paid before taken out.

## THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill, and ordered their discontinuance.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

## Professional Cards.

JAMES R. MORRIS. JOHN S. WAY.  
Attorneys & Counsellors  
at LAW,  
Woodfield, Monroe County, Ohio.  
Office, over Walton's New Store.  
April 20, 1864.

JAMES O. AMOS,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW,  
Woodfield, Monroe Co., O.  
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.  
Office, Fourth building south of Publicsquare, East side, known as the Cunningham building.  
2nd-20-1863.

JACOB T. MORRILL,  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office, over the old store, on the corner of Clinton and Main streets, Woodfield, Monroe County, Ohio.  
Will promptly and faithfully attend to all business entrusted to his care. Compromise and amicable adjustment always first sought, and litigation used only as the last resort.  
Oct. 31, '60.

J. P. SPRIGGS,  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
Woodfield, Monroe County, Ohio.  
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.  
December 16, 1860.

DR. G. W. GITHEN,  
BARNESVILLE, OHIO.  
Is devoting his attention to the treatment of  
CHRONIC DISEASES,  
such as  
Dyspepsia of the Stomach, Bile, Bile, Bile,  
Consumption, Asthma, Cancer,  
Gout, Rheumatism, Scurvy, Dropsy,  
Hysteria, Palsy, Neuralgia, Catarrhs, and  
ALL KINDS OF SURGICAL OPERATIONS.  
Oct. 28, 1863.

DR. W. T. SINCLAIR  
Having resumed the Practice of Medicine, tenders his Professional services to the citizens of Woodfield and vicinity.  
Residence one door north of Briggs' Store.

DR. J. H. PIERSON  
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Woodfield and vicinity. He may always be found ready to accommodate his anxious patients at the office formerly occupied by Dr. J. Adams, on Main street, one door south of Moore's store.  
May 15, 1864.

JOHN W. CAROTHERS,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.  
HOUSE PAINTING, GLAZING, GRADING,  
PAINTING, PUTTING, READY  
MIXED PAINTS OF ALL COLORS.  
Done and prepared in the most fashionable style, and on the shortest notice.  
Oct. 16, 1861.

## Poetry.

### LITTLE BESSIE, AND THE WAY SHE FELL ASLEEP.

Just before the lamp was lighted—  
Just before the children came—  
While the room was very quiet,  
I heard some one call my name,  
All at once a window opened,  
In a field were lambs and sheep;  
Some, from out a brook, were drinking,  
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,  
Though I strained my eyes to see;  
And I wondered if he saw me,  
If he'd speak to such as me,  
In a moment I was looking  
On a world so bright and fair,  
Which was full of little children,  
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing—oh, how sweetly!  
Sweeter songs I never heard;  
They were singing sweeter, mother,  
Than can sing our yellow bird,  
And while I my breath was holding,  
One so bright upon me smiled,  
And I knew it must be Jesus,  
When he said "come here, my child."

Hug me closer, closer, mother,  
Put your arms around me tight;  
I am cold and tired, mother,  
And I feel so strange to-night,  
Something hurts me here, dear mother,  
Like a stone upon my breast—  
O, wonder, wonder, mother,  
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day, while you are working,  
As I lay upon my bed,  
I was trying to be patient,  
And to think of what you said—  
How the kind and blessed Jesus,  
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,  
And I wish'd he'd come and take me,  
In his arms that I might sleep.

"Come up here, my little Bessie,  
Come up here, and live with me,  
Where the children never suffer,  
But are happier than you see."  
Then I thought of all you told me,  
Of that bright and happy land;  
I was going when you call'd me,  
When you came and kiss'd my hand.

And at first, I felt so sorry  
You had call'd me; I would go  
O, to sleep and never suffer—  
Mother, don't be crying so!  
Hug me closer, closer, mother,  
Put your arms around me tight—  
O, how much I love you, mother,  
But I feel so strange to-night.

And the mother pressed her closer,  
To her over-burden'd breast,  
On the heart so near to breaking,  
Lay the heart so near to rest.  
In the solemn hour of midnight,  
In the darkness calm and deep,  
Lying on her mother's bosom,  
Little Bessie fell asleep.

## DRAFTED.

BY MINNIE WILLIS BARNES.

A sunbeam stole through the dark  
green shadows of a trailing honey-suckle,  
through the fall flowing folds of a leese  
white curtain which shaded a cottage  
window, and touched the face of a  
woman sitting within with a pale amber  
gleam. It was a childlike face with its  
pure, pale complexion, and its eyes blue  
as an ivy flower holding the soul's light,  
like a flame shining within them; chestnut  
brown hair rippled across a low broad  
forehead, and was caught abruptly and  
shaken out of curl into a knot behind  
the ear. It was a mouth sentinelled by  
dimples from too near approach; a soft  
crimson mouth, upon which the man she  
loved might meet the seal that loved him.

She was sitting beside a sewing machine  
with a finished little garment just drawn  
from beneath the needle, leaning back  
with a look of rest and satisfaction at its  
completion in her eyes.

It was afternoon—almost six—as the  
hand of a little French clock pointed out  
the hour, and she had a great deal to tell  
him. What little wife has not? Grace  
was asleep—Grace her little seven months  
baby—asleep; and her silver belled rattle,  
her tooth ring, and her shells were all  
scattered about the carpet. Her hair  
brush and one tiny slipper lay just under  
the folds of her mother's gaiter dress—  
wood colored field with a white vine mean-  
dering across it. Marion stood up and  
shook out the folds of the little rose col-  
ored dress just finished, folded it care-  
fully and laid it away; then went up the  
easy calico sleeves to the white polished  
elbow, and the little woman counted her-  
self ready for the kitchen—the one room  
lying beyond this. She was the wife of a  
mechanic—one of the happy poor men  
who "earn their bread by the sweat of  
their brow," yet live the life of the soul  
on a level above that of the body. And  
this woman was like many other women  
throughout the country. She had been

raised in refinement and comparative ease,  
and her heart was sensitive as a mimosa  
plant. Her mind was not a common, nor  
yet, at that extreme, that of being  
intellectual. It was an even mind—a  
finely balanced one—a mind whose width  
and depth was wide and deep enough to  
take in the true issue of the truest life.

Here was a happy home; humble and  
neat, simple, but elegant in its simplicity.  
It was made sweet by love, and that free  
easy independence which is experienced  
by those who live within a certain limit,  
and feel content not to go out of it, know-  
ing enough is enough, and more is a su-  
perfluous addition.

Only one shadow lay across this little  
home—only one cloud reached down-  
ward, seeming to deluge it with darkness.  
But Marion looked the skeleton up and  
turned the key, and though it was still  
there she tried to think it could not pick  
the lock.

John Elmer came in presently and sat  
down by the shaded window. The soft  
summer breeze stole gently in through  
the green leaves suetle without, and the  
white curtain away languidly up and  
down, back and forth. The temple curl  
of John's black hair which Marion was  
proud of, was lifted carelessly from his  
full forehead, gently as her dear hand  
was wont to touch it. He was a tall  
slender fellow, yet finely built, with a full  
broad chest and slender sinewy arms that  
looked as if made for protesting just such  
a thing as Marion all through the days of  
her life. His hands did not look much  
as if they had worn kid gloves, but they  
were just such hands as a weary woman  
would cling to for assistance and uphold-  
ing when trouble was near or a hope had  
failed her. He sat very quiet, with the  
soft, scented air blowing over him, and  
looked about the sitting room. It was  
very pleasant—Marion's pretty tidies  
were scattered here and there—pictures  
of her drawing hung in modest frames  
made of pine cones and shells against the  
wall. There was a mirror in its dark  
polished frame that had often reflected  
her face—there was her low rocking chair  
she had sat in every evening and rocked  
her baby to sleep—her work basket,  
with an end of edging hanging by the  
side. Then he looked at the rattle, and  
took it up and shook it. It sounded like  
a funeral bell. The slipper he touched  
as reverently as a little child puts out  
its hand to touch the white face of its  
dead mother. Marion came in smiling,  
with a pink flush on her cheek, she had  
been making tea.

"Why John! You here? You came in  
so silently, I never heard you, your Tea  
is ready for you."

She came close up to him as if to draw  
him with her. He took her hand and  
drew her to his knee; he looked long and  
gently into her clear ivy blue eyes, and  
then he asked her:

"Do you love me, Marion?"  
Playfully drawing his face against hers  
she kissed him for an answer.

She drew him closer and shuddered as  
she embraced him.

"If there were no skeleton there!"  
thought Marion.

John Elmer sighed and put her from  
his knee, and rose up and followed her  
into the kitchen. No silver graced their  
table, but the plain greenware dishes  
were spotlessly clean—the table-linen like  
snow. A freshly gathered bouquet stood  
by John's plate, composed of honey-  
suckles and late roses, and a few leaves  
from Marion's only house plant—a rose  
geranium. The fare was simple but  
savory. Marion poured John's tea, and  
watched him drink it feverishly, but he  
would not eat.

"What is the matter, dear, are you  
sick?" questioned she.

"Only tired," said he, with a weary  
look.

After the table was cleared and the  
kitchen once more in order, Marion went  
in and sat down on her husband's knee  
and looked tenderly up in his face, say-  
ing:

"I know you work too hard, John.  
You must be careful of yourself. Some  
of these days you will take sick and die,  
and then what will become of poor little  
Grace and me? Oh, John, it would kill  
me to lose you!" and a tear fell willfully  
down against her cheek.

Her husband did not answer, but he  
felt truly that such a tender flower need-  
ed tender and loving care, or it would be  
blighted. He looked out of the window  
—the landscape looked dreary.

"I am sure you do not feel well; what  
can I do for you?"

John Elmer forced her anxious face  
down upon his bosom that he might not  
see how sweet it was, then he said:

Marion, wife, I have unpleasant news  
for you; can you listen to me now? It  
will affect us materially."

His speech blinded her perception. She  
asked:  
"Have your wages been reduced? I  
knew old Mr. Hughes is very stingy. Per-  
haps we can get along though, if we are  
very saving, if the winter is so hard. I  
could get along almost anyhow with you  
and baby."

The strong man bowed his head over  
hers and groaned. The trial of their  
lives was upon them. How should he  
tell her the awful truth?

"Marion," he faltered. Marion, I am  
drafted!"

She started—showed him a white ter-  
rified face, and then she was very still.  
It was over. He had told her, and that  
patient, passionate, earnest heart had been  
sentenced to its torture. She lay very  
still in his arms, meaning as one means  
when hope has been overcome by life.

This was the skeleton she had tried to  
hide, and now how naked, how distinct  
and terrible—how ghastly it stood up be-  
fore her! What a woman's heart suffers,  
what it bears—what it breaks with, was  
coming to this child-woman.

Baby Grace wakened up and stretched  
out her arms and smiled. Marion arose  
slowly and went and raised her to her  
bosom. She had given up John as to  
death, and she felt this was all that was  
left her. The night fell as it had fallen  
upon her heart.

John Elmer could have bought his life  
for a paltry sum; but he had not the sum  
which could buy it. Three hundred dol-  
lars is a pitiful amount, but for want of  
it Marion's heart was beginning to petrify.  
Marion did what she could. It was  
but little, that which she could not do  
was killing her. He could make no pro-  
visions for wife or child—there was none  
in his power. He would leave them in  
the care of Him who fed the ravens. The  
morning came when John Elmer was to  
leave his home—dark and rainy—cold,  
and oh! so dreary. He felt that it was  
for the last time. He parted from Mar-  
ion—oh, what parting! So wretched, so  
sorrowful! It was just like a soul torn  
from the body—he looked into her face—  
he saw nothing but anguish, and that  
strange stillness which sometimes comes  
unaccountably over children was upon  
Grace. He snatched himself away—he  
dared not look back. Marion took up her  
child, close against her bosom, so close it  
struggled to get free, and turned and went  
in. A rich stockholder remarked at din-  
ner that day, having paid six hundred for  
two sons—"That copperhead Elmer went  
to-day—could not raise the 'spendulicks.'"  
Good enough for him—he might have  
volunteered long ago.

Such sympathy had Marion.

Weeks and months passed on. It was  
dreary with Marion; oh, so lonely. She  
had nothing but Grace now. She heard  
from John but seldom. It was very sel-  
dom he sent her money, for the wages of a  
drafted man are not wonderful, and it  
was hard to make the ends meet. The  
winter had come on, and everything was  
going up; her house rent had fallen due,  
and she was in need of wood. Strange  
what changes are wrought in so short a  
time. From the modest ease Marion was  
coming to want—it might be to suffering  
or starvation—she could not tell. She  
left her baby and went out to hunt for  
work. She had her sewing machine, and  
she could sew. She had not counted the  
difficulties. Her husband was a drafted  
man—a "butternut"—they had nothing  
for her to do. They gave their work to  
Union volunteers. Marion looked in  
their faces and wondered what they meant.  
Was belief a reproach? Was it a dis-  
grace to be drafted? If so, it fell upon  
him. She was proud—this little woman.  
But when she went back and found Grace  
crying for her, and the room cold, her  
pride began to give way to despair. One  
day came a letter to Marion, she read it  
tearfully, but it was the wedge that,  
driven sharply in, divided the already  
broken heart. It was from a companion  
of John's telling her he had been unable  
to bear the rough usages of war, how he  
had fallen ill, and after lying a long time  
in the hospital, had died. He should  
have written her before, but had been  
separated from John on detach service  
during his sickness. Then it spoke of  
his gallantry, his close observance of his  
assumed duties, &c. But what mattered  
all this to Marion? He was dead—he  
was gone—she could never, never see his  
dear face again. She would never be  
held in his arms—never feel the pressure  
of his kisses. He was dead and Grace was  
fatherless. But Marion's grief was silent,  
she rose up and took up her burden, and  
thought she would live for the sake of the  
little one. But it was hard work to live.  
She got some little work to do, but she  
could only rent one room now, and barely  
keep them in food. Sometimes they had  
no fire for an entire day. Even Marion's  
health suffered, and the child took a se-

vere cold that ended in the croup and ter-  
minated in its little life. Marion thought  
she had suffered her full measure of loss,  
but when this last and only treasure was  
taken away, the last tie that bound her to  
this life was broken. What was country  
to her? In all its length and breadth—  
she had none to love her—no spot in its  
bosom where she could call her home.  
What was it to her that the country should  
be saved? She was dying of grief and  
starvation.

Work became scarce and hard to get.  
Some one was always before her. One by  
one, she sold all her little articles of value,  
disposed of all these little things which  
had made her home so pleasant when she  
and John and baby were all so happy to-  
gether. Then, when there was nothing  
left, she sank down in a slow nervous  
fever. After it was generally known  
that Mrs. Elmer was destitute and sick,  
and do something for the unhappy woman,  
but tardy conscience had failed to remind  
them of their duty until it was too late to  
aid her. She died—this broken-hearted  
wife of the conscript, with John's name  
and that of the baby on her lips. She  
said she was going to meet them in a  
country where all was peace. And yet  
what matters it? There are just such  
heart aches and heart-breaks all over the  
land. It is not one woman alone who  
goes down to the grave broken-hearted;  
not merely one orphan that suffers hunger  
and cold. One among many, is Marion  
Elmer—only one.

## A Strong Supposition.

Some years since, just after the Maine  
Liquor Law had been introduced into  
Massachusetts, a case of selling liquor  
was brought before the Boston Police  
Court, and the District attorney appeared  
to prosecute the matter. He called an  
undoubted "customer" to the stand, a  
man who would know a rum jug 'at sight,'  
and with him, held the following collo-  
quy:

"Mr. Sergeant, were you ever in Ben-  
jamin Kimball's bar-room?"  
"Yes, sir," answered the witness.  
"Did you see anything containing  
liquor there?"  
"Not as I know of."

"Did you see any decanters or tumblers  
there?"  
"No, sir."

"Did you see any barrels or kegs  
there?"  
"Yes, I saw some kegs there."

"Ah, yes," [exultingly urged the law-  
yer.] "you did, then saw some kegs? Now,  
sir, tell the jury what there was in these  
kegs?"  
"I don't know, I didn't look in."

"Yes, sir, but were there no marks  
upon the outside? no tickets, or writing  
of some kind?"  
"Yes, well, there was: I remember it  
new; I swear, I should have forgot it if  
you hadn't put me in mind."

"O, yes, you do remember; just state,  
then, sir, before you forget, what there  
was written or painted."

"It was different on all of 'em—none of  
'em had it alike."

"Well, sir, tell us what it said on the  
first one you saw."

"Well, I mostly forget now, but I be-  
lieve it said 'God on the first one.'"  
"Gee! Then, sir, I guess we can find  
out what there was in those kegs, if you  
didn't look in. Now, sir, tell us what it  
said on the next one."

"Well, on the next it said Ben Kimball  
but I didn't suppose that Ben Kimball  
was in the keg!"  
Verdict for the defendant, and the court  
adjourned.

## A Lot of Receipts.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk  
and water will restore old craps.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will  
soon kill it.

An inkstand was turned over a white  
tablecloth; a servant threw over it a  
mixture of salt and pepper, plentifully  
and all traces of it disappeared.

Picture frames and glasses are preserv-  
ed from flies by painting them with a  
brush dipped in a mixture made by boil-  
ing three or four onions in a pint of  
water.

Bedbugs are kept away by washing the  
crevice with strong salt water put on with  
a brush.

Soft-seep should be kept in a dry place  
in the cellar, and not used until it is three  
months old.

To scour knives take the ashes of coal,  
amixed with any from wood; they are a  
better article than bath brick for that pur-  
pose.

## The Wrong Man Pouliticed.

The following story which we do not  
remember to have seen in print, is now  
circulating on "change." It may be old,  
but it is received as new and true:

At a famous watering place, within the  
memory of man, a gentleman was severely  
afflicted with a pain in the stomach which  
neither gin cocktails nor cordials could  
remove. It was night, and he was in bed  
his loving wife, unwilling to wake the  
domestic, descended to the kitchen, and  
prepared a mustard poultice, which she  
spread on her own handkerchief, and pro-  
ceeded with it to her distressed lord. Be-  
fore leaving him, she left a light dimly  
burning in his apartment, but deeply im-  
pressed with anxiety, she was not noticing  
the number of her room.

Guided by a light which she saw shin-  
ing in a chamber, which she supposed  
was the one she had left, she entered, and  
gently raising the bed clothes, &c., laid  
the warm poultice upon a stomach, but  
not the stomach of her lord.

"Hallo there! What the—-are you  
about?" shouted a voice of thunder, and  
the body and sleeves, whence it issued,  
sprang out of bed.

The lady screamed and ran; her hus-  
band rushed to the rescue from the next  
room, the waiters joined, and a small scene  
ensued, much to the amusement of all  
concerned. The pouliticed gentleman had  
indiscreetly left a light in his room and  
thus lured the lady from her path.

Her husband was so much amused and  
excited by the mistake that he quite for-  
got his pains, but early the next morning,  
with his wife and trunk, left for parts  
unknown. The pouliticed man still re-  
tains the handkerchief (a beautiful sam-  
ple) with the lady's name on it, which  
he considers of rare value.—Boston Trac-  
eller.

## A Touch of Petroleum.

Close to the lands of the Center Oil  
Company there lives an old chap who is  
worth a mint. Ignorant, of course, dumb  
luck has made him rich. His household  
pet consists of a terrier dog and a stupid  
daughter, both of whom engage his at-  
tention. The former provided for, he de-  
termined to "accomplish" his daughter.

To this end he came to this city. He  
bought a piano, a harp, and a guitar,  
and a car load of music books, &c., wind-  
ing up his business by engaging a first  
class intellectual and musical tutor, with  
all of which he started for the "re-  
gions."

The documents were of course, arrang-  
ed for business. The tutor set to work  
and toiled like a Trojan, but with no suc-  
cess. Despairing of ultimate triumph,  
the tutor went to the oil king and made  
a clean breast of it.

"Why, what in the world's the matter?"  
asked the father.

"Well," answered the tutor, "Kitty  
has got a piano, and guitar, and harp, and  
music, and books, and all that, but she  
wants capacity—that's all."

"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the  
oil king, "if that's all, just buy it. I've  
got the stuff, if money will get it, she  
shall have capacity or anything else."

## The Cheering Word.

Little Charley was THE dull boy of his  
school. All the rest either laughed at  
him or pitied him. Even his master  
sometimes taunted him with his deficient-  
cies. He became sullen and indifferent,  
and took no pains to get on. One day a  
gentleman who was visiting the school  
looked over some boys who were making  
their first attempt to write. There was a  
general burst of amusement at poor Char-  
ley's efforts. He colored, but was silent.

"Never mind, my lad," said the gen-  
tleman, cheerfully, "don't be discouraged;  
just go and do your very best, and you'll  
be a brave writer some day. I recollect  
when I first began to write, being quite  
as awkward as you are, but I persevered,  
and now look here. He took a pen and  
wrote his name on a piece of paper in  
five legible characters. "See what I can  
do now," he added.

Many years afterwards that gentleman  
met Charley again. He had turned out  
one of the most celebrated men of his  
day, and he expressed his firm conviction  
that he owed his success in life, under  
God's blessing, to the encouraging speech  
made by the school visitant.

## Impudent Questions.

To ask an unmarried lady how old she  
is.

To ask a lawyer if he ever told a  
lie.

To ask a doctor how many persons he  
has killed.

To ask a minister whether he ever did  
any thing very wrong.

## A Good Reason.

A county pedagogue had two pupils,  
to one of whom he was partial, and to  
the other severe. One morning it hap-  
pened that these two boys were late, and  
were called up to account for it. "You  
must have heard the bell, boys—why did  
you not come?" "Please sir," said the  
favorite, "I was dreaming I was going  
to California, and I thought the school-  
bell was the steamboat whistle, and was  
going in." "Very well," said the master,  
glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite,  
"and now sir, turning to the other,  
what have you to say?" "Please sir,"  
said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting  
to see Tom out."

## A Salutary Thought.

When I was a young man there lived  
in our neighborhood a farmer, who was  
usually reported to be a very liberal man,  
and unaccountably upright in his dealings.  
When he had any of the products of his  
farm to dispose of, he made it an invari-  
able rule to make good measure rather  
more than would be required of him. One  
of his friends, observing him fre-  
quently doing so questioned him as to  
why he did it; he told him he gave too  
much, and said it would be to his disad-  
vantage. Now, dear reader, mark the  
answer of this good man: "God has per-  
mitted me but one journey through the  
world, and when I am gone I cannot re-  
turn to rectify mistakes." Think of this!  
There is but one journey through life.

## EAST DEATH.—The New Haven Cour-

ier, speaking of the late Prof. Stillman  
says: "Prof. Stillman was attacked about  
ten days since somewhat severely, but not  
alarmingly. After an illness of two or  
three days he began to recover, and from  
that time his friends have dismissed all  
apprehensions, and have regarded his full  
recovery as certain. On the morning of  
Thursday he awoke, after a more than  
usually comfortable rest, and promised  
himself the satisfaction of uniting in the  
public services of the day of National  
Thanksgiving. He uttered a brief pray-  
er, as was his wont, repeated two hymns,  
which he followed with a few words of  
affection to his wife, unacquainted of the  
significance of each act, and then was in  
a moment translated to that state whose  
very life and atmosphere are continued  
adoration and protected love."

A person of an observing turn of  
mind, if he has rode through a city  
town, has probably noticed how the curi-  
ous youngsters along the route will fill  
the windows with their anxious faces in  
order to catch a glimpse at all passers-by.  
Our friend Jonathan, a pedlar, drove up  
in front of a house, one day, and seeing  
"all hands and the cook" staring from  
the windows, got off from his cart, and  
the following dialogue took place, with  
the man of the house:

Jonathan—Has there been a funeral  
here lately?  
Man of the house—Here? No. Why?  
Jonathan—Why, I saw that there was  
one pane of glass that didn't have a hand  
in it?  
Man of the house—You leave blasted  
quick, or there will be a funeral.

## DIPHTHERIA OR PURID SORE THROAT.

A poultice made of the yolk of an egg  
and fine salt, of paste-like consistency, to  
be put on the throat, and kept on thirty  
minutes, unless sooner dry. If a child  
be very feverish the poultice should be  
repeated. A wash of gargle should also  
be prepared and used, consisting of equal  
parts of fine salt and alum mixed with  
vinegar. For a severe case make a wash  
for the throat of blood root, golden seal  
and pulverized bayberry. We are deci-  
dedly in favor of this remedy, and are  
credibly informed that in every instance  
where these simple remedies have been  
timely applied, the sufferer has recover-  
ed.—Deseret News.

THE WAR TAX ON WHISKY is now only  
two dollars a gallon. At this rate, old  
topers will find it difficult to procure the  
wherewith to purchase their dram of com-  
fort, and young fellows will